

# Smuggling Chinamen Into America Is an Extra Hazardous but Highly Profitable Business

**Secret Organizations of Capitalists Use Desperate Methods to Get Their Human Contraband Across Our Borders.**

A QUIET looking citizen enough is Dr. Jin Fuy Moy, who appeared with his American wife, his American son and daughter, and his American daughter and son-in-law, all of whom are family jewels of the federal Commissioner in Jersey City the other day. With his slick short hair, his smile and his pearl stickpin, he did not look in the least like an agent of a great secret body whose arms stretch mysteriously from the Orient both ways around the bulge of the world, whose men rob, lie, bribe and kill to get their human contraband undiscovered across our border, whose stinking slavers come sneaking down with doused lights from two oceans on our coast, a corporation which here, in the United States of America, holds hundreds of men in bondage often little lighter than that of the Southern negroes before the war.

Yet such are the companies which manage the trade in smuggled Chinese laborers. And it is the crime of conspiring to smuggle Chinese laborers with which a federal grand jury had charged the harmless looking Dr. Moy. The country has been shocked lately by the stories that have come from the Pacific Coast of Chinese left starving on a desert island and Chinese thrown overboard to drown from a schooner hand pressed by the government craft. There are such stories afloat wherever the coolie trade has been discovered—too many to be wholly without foundation, it seems. They are mostly rather vague, like the few things that are known to Westerners about the system of peonage under which the smuggled Chinese are held after they reach this country.

In a letter which was produced in the proceedings concerning Dr. Moy one of the band says: "Don't forget; the price from Jamaica is \$400; from Mexico, \$300, spot cash on delivery." The plan, it is said, was to bring one hundred Chinamen from Jamaica and Mexican ports in a little fishing schooner and run them into the port of Boston.

The cost of passage from China to the west coast of Mexico is something like \$30, even at the lowest steamer rates, and to reach Jamaica costs about \$30 more. Adding the \$30 or \$50 for the perilous journey in the schooner and the still more perilous landing, it costs about \$60 to bring a Chinaman into the Eastern States. Now, if any one of these men who risk their yellow necks to land here had anything like \$500 saved up at home in China, he could have lived in luxury all the days of his life, and all his children and grandchildren with him. Then, why do these men want to come to America?

The answer is simple. Not one of the immigrants had saved anything to speak of in China. The whole heavy charge for each of them is paid by a secret company, organized partly in China and partly in the United States, which counts on collecting the whole sum, with an ample allowance for accidents, deaths and debts and a generous profit besides, from his earnings after he is safely landed. So say the men of the government's Chinese Immigration Bureau. Their explanation may explain also Dr. Moy's frock coat, his pearl pin, his \$4,000 in diamonds—and, it may be, his American wife as well.

The organization of these companies and the exact form of peonage in which they hold their victims are not thoroughly un-

derstood, though, it is certain that both the companies and an organized peonage do, in fact, exist. The immigration officers expect to know more on those points before they are through with Dr. Moy and the three Americans who were indicted with him at Boston.

But, of the ways that are dark and tricks that are not always vain in running the blockade the government men are well aware. The smuggled Chinaman is a tragic figure enough at times, but he often appears in an exceedingly comic light to the men who are set to trip him at our national threshold. It would seem at first that it would be an easy thing to slip a man across a national boundary of nearly ten thousand miles in extent. As a matter of fact, it is a very difficult thing, as is seen by the shrinking Chinese colonies of a hundred American cities. A great many more Chinamen die or go home to China every year than manage to slip past the guards.

The simplest way, evidently, to import a group of coolies is to load them on a vessel and land them at some unexpected spot from which they can be quickly transferred to some crowded "Chinatown" in a city where they will be indistinguishable from the older inhabitants. It is not really so simple as it looks. In the first place, the government keeps an eye on the trans-Pacific steamers and assures itself of the destination of any considerable bands which travel by them. Again, a schoonerload of Chinamen is not likely to set sail from any neighboring port without some one being aware of it who may become informer.

It was only a few years ago that the government officers in Boston received an unsigned postal card from Newfoundland saying that forty-two Chinamen were waiting at Placentia, a little fishing village on the Newfoundland coast, to be taken to the "States." A government man was sent hurrying to Newfoundland. He reached Placentia and found that the Chinamen had sailed in the schooner Frolic, of Marblehead, at daybreak that morning.

He telegraphed back to Boston, and the story was given to the newspapers. Glaring headlines told in every port of the Atlantic Coast how the schooner Frolic was then at sea, searching for a place to land forty-two Chinamen with pitfalls. Cutters cruised off shore from Montauk and Cashes, and every coasting schooner and ocean steamer along the coast from Norfolk to Halifax kept a sharp lookout for the smuggler.

For a week the newspapers were full of rumors how eighteen Chinamen were coming from Lynn to Boston, when there had been no Chinamen in Lynn before; how the Frolic was supposed to have run into the Merrimack River and unloaded there, and many other such.

It was near daylight one morning a week later when a fireman in some coal pockets in Providence started down the coal pier to get a monkey wrench he had left. He was walking over a pile of rags, when something soft turned under his foot and he fell. The rags were warm and a flat face turned and looked at him as he picked himself up. He separated the heap into two scared and speechless Chinamen and a pair of empty fertilizer bags.

The Chinamen could not tell him what he desired to know about their business on the pier. In fact, they could not tell him any-

thing. As he raised his voice still louder he was hailed from a fishing schooner which had been taking on provisions near the pier.

"What's the matter?" was the question. "Here's two blamed, etc., Chinks on our pier." "Well, you leave 'em alone. They're all right."

The fireman did not altogether agree, and went and told the watchman. The watchman telephoned the police, and the police woke up the Treasury men. The two Chinamen were arrested, and a few minutes later a revenue yawl slipped alongside the anchored schooner, and the men in the government boat read the schooner's name in gilt letters on her slender stem. She was the Frolic. She had sailed up Narragansett in broad daylight the day before and come to anchor off the coal pocket at 10 o'clock in the forenoon. All day she lay at anchor, not far from the channel, in full view from the harbor and the shore. No one had taken the trouble to read her name and she had passed for a visiting fisherman.

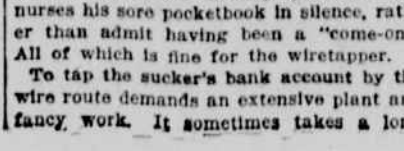
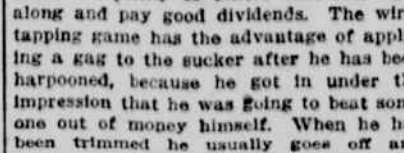
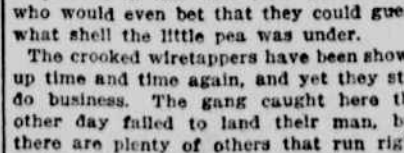
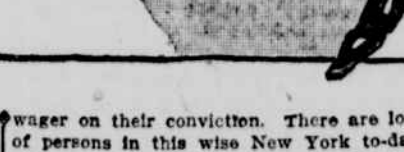
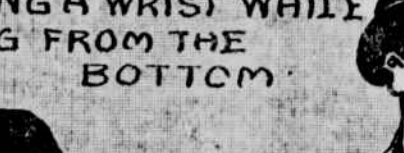
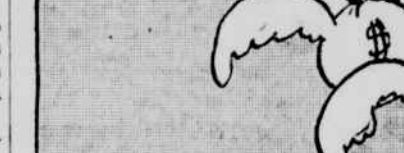
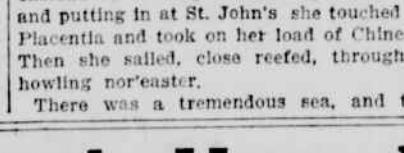
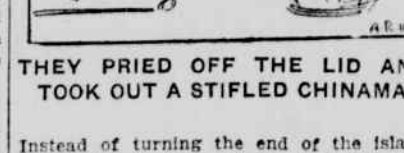
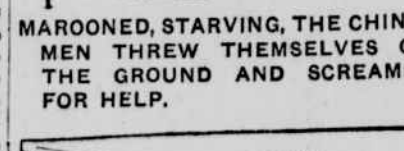
Sixteen more Chinamen were found hidden in her hold. The remaining twenty-four had already made their escape. The state of her hold, where forty-two Chinamen had lived for eight days, was a shock even to the hardened customs men. A fishing craft of less than one hundred tons does not have much room below decks, and at her best the mixed odor of fish and bilge water makes it an undesirable place in which to lounge away an afternoon. The Chinamen slept on the floor, packed solid like sponges in a box, with hardly an inch of room to turn in. For four days of her voyage the schooner had worked her way through fog, in waters that were frequented both by fishermen and steamers. Any moment a vessel might come upon her, and the captain did not wish to have his passengers seen upon his decks. So during those four days the Chinese had stayed shut up in the hold, with only such light and air as found their way down the hatchway.

The crew told the story of her voyage. She had cleared from Boston more than a month before. The captain had said that she was bound for Halifax to take out a party of New York business men who wanted a hurried trip to the Grand Banks to see the fishing. She lay two weeks at Halifax and then sailed for Newfoundland.

There was a tremendous sea, and the



THE CHINAMEN WERE THROWN OVERBOARD AND LEFT TO DROWN.



Chinamen were seasick to the last man. They would not come on deck, and the hold became a horror even to the cook. Two water casks were washed overboard, and the Frolic had to put in at St. Pierre for water. The fort is on Miquelon Island, the last bit of North American soil that still belongs to France.

The Frolic had taken on her water and was lying to with her sails hoisted ready to put off when a French boarding officer came out in a dory and demanded to see her papers. The captain handed them down to him. Still he was not satisfied. It was no wonder, with the smell that was leaking out of the closed hatchway. The Frenchman persisted, and hauled his dory alongside ready to come on board. The captain bellowed an order and whipped out his knife.

The man at the wheel brought the spokes

over swiftly. The schooner fell away, and as she surged seaward the captain cut the dory's painter in two. The Frenchman, who was hauling on the other end of the rope, sat down suddenly in the bottom of his dory, and the Frolic sailed away and left him shaking her illegal clearance papers in his fist and swearing after her. Except for the fog, which kept her a week at sea, and the smell of the passengers, which drove the crew nearly to mutiny, she had an easy passage after that, and was not interrupted till the government men captured her off the Providence coal pocket. The captain and two of his accomplices were tried and sent to prison. The captain testified that their profits, if the trip had proved successful, would have been \$15,000 over all expenses, including \$500 apiece to the crew. Every one of the eighteen Chinamen swore in court that he had lived for many years in America, that he had qualified to return under the law, but that the papers to prove it had been lost in the "big fire" in San Francisco.

On the Pacific Coast the "running" of Chinamen by sea is often tried and often detected. The slender, swift schooners that ply in the "island trade" among the scattered groups of the South Seas are excellently fitted for the work. A

few years ago one of these craft, suspected of having Chinamen on board, was chased down the coast from Puget Sound by a revenue cutter. The cutter was gaining, but night came on before she could get within gunshot.

She kept up the search even after the schooner had been lost in the darkness, and presently, at midnight, saw the fugitive vessel again standing off shore. The cutter overhauled her. The captain was in a great rage at being held up on the high seas. When the revenue men insisted that they would search her he protested still more violently. They went through her from stem to stern and found nothing whatever that should not be on a homeward bound trader.

A week later two dead Chinamen were washed ashore thirty miles up the coast. The federal agents in Vancouver learned that a band of fifteen coolies had been making their way to the waterfront early in the morning of the day the schooner sailed. Considered as evidence, the two facts make slender proof, but the sailors along the coast believe that the Chinamen were thrown over from the schooner and left to drown as negroes were thrown over from slave ships in the old days when every vessel that carried "black ivory" was counted a pirate by the law of nations.

Both Canada and Mexico admit Chinamen, though the former imposes a tax of \$500 a head on all who remain in the country for more than three months. Of late years, up to the beginning of the present trouble, Mexico has furnished a more popular base of operations for the smugglers. It was a month or more ago that a government launch boarded a schooner which had sailed with Chinamen from Lower California. No Chinamen were on board, though certain sights and some uncertain smells made the officers believe that they had been there not long before. Again the story was widely circulated that the Chinamen had been thrown overboard.

Again, it was only two weeks ago that a launch with a party of fishermen—a play-wright, an aviator and a steamship man—saw a scrap of canvas waving violently on a little barren island off from San Diego Bay. They put in for it, and found ten Chinese. Six threw themselves forward on the ground and screamed an appeal for help. Another had gone mad, and was shrieking, writhing and throwing stones into the sea.

There were sharp rocks all around the island, and in the heavy sea the launch dared not try to land among them. Frank Pixley, the playwright of the crew, tried them with what little Chinese he knew, and gathered that they had been wrecked there ten days before, and had been without food and practically without water ever since. What the vessel was or what had become of her crew he could not understand. The men in the launch threw their water cask among the breakers, where it floated to the beach, and filled a bag with the remains of their luncheon and tossed that on the rocks. The government launch came next day and took the Chinese off.

But all the cruelty and danger of Chinese smuggling does not come by sea by any means. Four Chinamen were sealed into a box somewhere between Mazatlan, on the Pacific coast of Mexico, and Nogales, at the American boundary. They had some

**Starvation or Drowning Often Ends the Coolie's Hopes to Enter This Country, Even at Price of Long Peonage.**

food and water, but it was gone at the end of three or four days. The car was not opened until it reached New Haven, Conn. The men were found unconscious, huddled together and apparently dead. They could not or would not tell what had been the plan of the men who sent them. Perhaps they were put in the wrong car or perhaps its route was changed in transit. At all events, the Chinamen were not "delivered" to their managers in America. They were sent back to China as soon as they had recovered from their long starvation. An ordinary man would have been dead days before.

One day in spring a big red automobile came tearing over the bridge at Niagara. It seemed to pass a survey full of men joggling peacefully homeward, and swept past the Customs and Immigration men stationed on the bridge almost before they could hail it. The speed of the car was suspicious, and when it stopped in response to a revolver shot the federal men ran to investigate.

As they came up the two men in the car spoke their minds profanely and defiantly. They did not check their speech even when the survey with the nuns came ambling past. The good Sisters fastened their eyes on their missiles and said not a word.

The revenue officer shut the automobile up with something, in a flash, his companion saw it. Then, in a flash, his companion saw it. Then, in a flash, his companion saw it. Then, in a flash, his companion saw it.

He hailed the driver, and made the nuns alight. As soon as they had their feet on the ground the trick was as plain as day. No living creature walks as if they had fourteen heelless feet shuffling as they did. The inspector made them let down their tails, take off their spectacles and march before him to the jail. They made a procession that stopped business on the streets of Niagara Falls. When they appeared in court, each of the seven testified through an interpreter that he had lived in San Francisco, had qualified to return and had lost his papers in the "big fire." There are many incoming Chinese who have never heard of George Washington or Theodore Roosevelt, but they all know the names of the streets in the San Francisco Chinatown and they all know the date of the San Francisco earthquake and conflagration.

One right the baggage man and the express agent on the Boston & Maine train from Montreal settled down to a quiet game of poker. The car was heaped full of baggage and packages, so they sat on a coffin case. The baggage man took a pot of \$3 with four aces, and so they agreed to play a jackpot to celebrate. The baggage man said:

"No," he said, "I can't open it," and shuffled his hand in the pack and pushed it across for the other to deal.

"But I couldn't," the express agent shouted. "Look here! Three jacks! I didn't pass." "You sure did. You rapped on the table." "I did not! I'd ha' got my money back!"

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## Gamblers Entertaining Our Gilded Youth Have Keen Devices for Paring Off the Gilt

**Even the Wireless Wiretappers Thrive, Although Some of the "Profession" Are Occasionally "Sent Up" for Penance.**

IT BEGINS to look as if there wasn't any more honor in being a gambler. Here the New York sporting fraternity was going along attending to its own business, which consisted of removing the fire risks from the clothes of persons whose money was burning in their pockets. What harm is there in that? If a "guy" wants to loosen up and put his coin back into circulation through the medium of the so-called Goddess of Chance, shan't he be allowed to, or were our fathers wrong when they said that this was a free country?

Here, I say, the gamblers were going right along gambling and doing well, and the police of the city break precedents by declaring war—mean, underhand, guerrilla war at that.

Of course, Flynn has gone, and that's some comfort. "Flynn's baby" the pet name given to the battering ram used for breaking gambling den doors has been put back into the garret. The voice of the baby is silent, perhaps for ever more. Then Lieutenant John J. Collins, who nursed the baby along and personally superintended its work, has been transferred to an unfrequented portion of Brooklyn. All he has to do now is to sit at the windows and watch the funeral processions winding slowly toward the silent cemeteries.

Perhaps he may lapse into dreams of the recent days when the song of the baby brought terror to the hearts of hardened gamblers and amusement to crowds that watched and cheered him on. Verily, the plaudits of the multitude are sweet. If Collins's chastened spirit feels any of these things he never lets them rise to the surface. In fact, he doesn't care for the sub-

ject any more, it seems. Ask him about gambling in New York, and he will admit in a vague and hazy way that there was such a thing. But when you take out a pencil and beg him to tell you all about it he swings back to his desk and snaps: "I can't discuss that now."

There are certain rakers of muck who say that Flynn and his baby got the hook because they were altogether too competent. They didn't know where to stop. You know, there's always a place to stop. Noxious persons hinted of visits to the highest city authority by knights of the pastebards who began to be annoyed by Mr. Flynn and his powerful infant. The priests of fortune seemed to think that the great American principle of personal liberty was being knocked down and trampled on.

Well, anyhow, it certainly is true that Flynn has gone back to Washington to enter the Secret Service; that the baby has been laid away in the garret to accumulate cobwebs and that Lieutenant Collins is transferred and taciturn.

Deputy Commissioner Dougherty, who took Flynn's place, has made at least one round-up of crooked wiretappers—crooked crooks, so to speak—and he gave them a mighty good talk when he got a bunch of them before him. He may follow up the spectacular crusade against gamblers, and

then he may not. But whether he does or doesn't the wise ones will still hunt the gentle sucker and divorce him from his money.

One of the funniest features about the whole thing is that the sucker thinks he is behaving like a real sport when he gets trimmed in a game where he hasn't half a chance in a thousand years.

Another funny thing is that these professional gamblers should be called gamblers. The terms honest and crooked are often used to make a dividing line between the two kinds of expert purse snatchers. Every time one of the inside boys hears the term honest applied to a colleague he has to place his left fingers across his mouth to hide a smile. There isn't such a thing as an honest professional gambler. With the profession the different games of chance are not games of chance at all. Everything is fixed for the slaughter. The only inconvenience is waiting to let the lamb go through the form of drawing cards, opening pots, and the like.

Many and marvellous are the ways of misifying the curious craving for gambling that rages in the human breast. No matter how old the game is or how many times it may have been exposed, there are always men with restless coin who think they can beat it, and have good money to

show for their conviction. There are lots of persons in this wise New York to-day who would even bet that they could guess what shell the little pea was under.

The crooked wiretappers have been shown up time and time again, and yet they still do business. The gang caught here the other day failed to land their man, but there are plenty of others that run right along and pay good dividends. The wire-tapping game has the advantage of applying a RAR to the sucker after he has been harpooned, because he got in under the impression that he was going to beat some one out of money himself. When he has been trimmed he usually goes off and nurses his sore pocketbook in silence, rather than admit having been a "come-on." All of which is fine for the wiretapper.

To tap the sucker's bank account by the wire route demands an extensive plant and fancy work. It sometimes takes a long

time to land a good live one, but the profits are always large. Any gambler will tell you that the storks are still kept busy delivering suckers at the birth rate of sixty an hour. When wiretappers make a haul they usually rake in the "kale" by the thousands.

The stage setting for a little farce of this kind consists of a poolroom. It has the regulation ruled blackboard and the regulation red-headed and dusty boy who chalks up and calls the races. There must be "phony" patrons—all members of the gang—who wander in before the eyes of the goat and make counterfeit bets for large sums. At a table along the wall is a battery of "stall" telephones without wires, at which employees of the poolroom simulate the receiving of "phoned bets." Over at the other side is the wicker cage marked "cashier," behind which a studious looking man in spectacles is busy with "phony"

checks. Above the clatter and noise of the "stallers" can be heard the sharp click of the important little telegraph instrument.

The said instrument is connected with a room downstairs at which sits an operator, who really gets the news of the races—usually by means of a "phone" connected with a sure enough poolroom. When the prospective "mark" is led into the place there isn't a flaw that he can discover. It is simply a poolroom that is doing a flourishing business.

When they are out somewhere the "steerer," who has hooked the prey and showed him the poolroom, gets really confidential.

"Now," he whispers, "here's where we go in and break 'em. My friend has tapped the telegraph wire that carries the racing results to all these poolrooms. The messages have to be relayed, and by cutting in on the main wire we get the winners seven minutes before the operators at the poolrooms. We'll string 'em along for a while by placing small bets and not winning too many. Then, when all is well, we'll pick a horse that has pretty good odds against him, set down a bale of money on him and duck before they get us. Do you follow me?"

The sucker usually does. He is then taken over, and under an oath that seals his lips he is shown the room, not too far away, where the instrument connected with the supposed tap wire is located.

Of course, the instrument is not connected with the wires that carry the results for the telegraph companies. It runs to the man down in the little room, who

THE ONLY RISK HE RUNS IS THE DANGER OF BREAKING A WRIST WHILE DEALING FROM THE BOTTOM.

THE SUCKER MIGHT JUST AS WELL HOLD 'EM LIKE THIS.

GROUP PICTURE OF ALL THE HONEST PROF. GAMBLERS IN THE TENDERLOIN.

EVEN A SHELL GAME WOULD MAKE MONEY IN NEW YORK.

WHEN HE DOES WIN THEY ARE ONLY STRINGING HIM.

SO LONG!

PAINFUL BUT EDUCATIONAL.

THE CROP OF "LAMBS" AND "MARKS" PERSISTS, DESPITE PERIODIC REVELATIONS OF CROOKED GAMES HERE AND ELSEWHERE.

sends the results to the "phony" market at the blackboard.

All the suckers have a few questions to ask.

"Say, look here," they usually demand, "if this is such a cinch why don't you and your friend, the tap-wire operator, bet the money and get it all yourself instead of letting me in on such an easy thing?"

That is an easy one. The steerer rarely fumbles it.

"Why, don't you see," he explains patiently, "we haven't but a little money between us. What we want is capital. We are perfectly willing to let a fly guy like yourself in so long as you split your winnings with us." And the sucker sees it that way.

When the sucker begins to ripen the bunco man who is working the victim lays his plans for dragging home the money. The former usually plays right into his hands by getting suspicious again and demanding to be shown.

"I'm from Missouri, you know, and you'll have to demonstrate." That one about Missouri is the pet byword of the typical come-on.

"All right," is the retort, "what would it take to convince you?"

"Let me put up a little money at first and see whether I win or not. If I do I'll think about laying the rest of my roll."

"That's fair. We'll go around and place a small bet to-day."

So they visit the secret room of the "phony" wire tapper and get a winner. The winner has just been ticked off to this operator by the operator beneath the poolroom. He got the return from some bona fide (3) As he sits and waits for the return, only the prospective sucker hears about it some fifteen minutes after the real poolrooms do.

"Gold Brick wins, eh?" murmurs the innocent goat. And he rushes over to place a little bet at the "plant" poolroom. He gets down \$10 as a feeler, and a few minutes later the chalky boy comes out and bawls:

"Fifth race at Ansonia. The winners: Gold Brick, Shoo Fly, second, and Humperdink, third."

Now are all the goat's fears and suspicions laid at rest. He has won just as his friend said. After he has bet and won the next day he is ripe. The happy time of the golden harvest draws near. Get-away transportation is arranged for and gentlemen in the gang make dates for wine parties with lady friends. Fortune is about to smile upon them with a wide grin.

"We might as well make our killing and duck," decides the mark, and the steerer thinks so, too, only with a different meaning.

The sucker gets his savings converted into cash. The operator at the tap wire tells him on the next day that Soandso wins a certain race. The goat rushes over and places his \$10,000 with the "phony" cashier on Soandso to win. To cut a long name is Dennis, but he doesn't suspect. As he sits and waits for the return, he wonders whether it would be better for him to start from New York or San Francisco on his trip around the world. They say that the shock of the awakening is something dreadful to behold.

The winners finally come in. The last sucker involuntarily starts for the cashier's cage to get the money, who he hears the voice of the dusty boy call off the

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